

316th. Aviation Squadron
Army Air Base
Richmond, Virginia.

January 4, 1943

Dear Mrs. Manley:

I finally got around to writing you. I hadn't forgotten you, nor had I no intention of writing. The truth of the matter is that like most men I keep putting things off until time runs into months and so on. You should know that I can't get baseball out of my mind. I often wonder what the future holds for Negro Baseball, speaking particularly of the Negro National League. Although I hold no ideas that I will participate in any too much baseball, I still am very much interested in what my associates in my former profession are doing and what their future has in store for them.

At the present I am doing nothing more athletic than working in an office, pounding a typewriter. My physical exercise is restricted to walking to and from the site of my barrack and work. I am playing on the company basketball team which only plays once a week and very poorly at that. Of course Richmond is not strange to me and that affords me some recreation, but not physical to be sure. I go in about once each week. I have seen Joe Miles once or twice since I have been here. I have a standing invitation to dinner at his house when I can get the time.

I have an application in for O.C.S. and intend to enter the Physical Training branch although I am not definite as to whether that is what I want.

Well, at your convenience write and tell me what this year holds for our League. I am very interested and would like very much to know.

Maxwell Manning
Very truly yours,
MAXWELL MANNING
Pvt. Chaplain's Clerk